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# POEMS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUION, *Grayson*

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF THE TASK.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SOME ORIGINAL POEMS OF MR. COWPER.

NOT INSERTED IN HIS WORKS.

AND ALSO, ANNEXED

A

WREATH OF FORGET-ME-NOT:

PRESENTED

TO THOSE WHO LOVE TO REFLECT

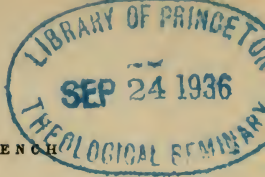
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## P R E F A C E .

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IT seems needless, if not impertinent, in an obscure individual, to say any thing in praise of the Author of the Task. It is of more consequence to inform the reader of the circumstances that have led to this publication. About twenty years ago a very dear and venerable friend\* introduced me to the truly great and amiable Mr. Cowper. This gave rise to a friendship which increased with every repeated interview, and for several years I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon with him every week. At length this delightful intercourse was terminated, by his removal to a distant situation, and the painful approaches of that event which dissolves every social connexion.

One day amusing myself with the poetical works of the celebrated Madame Guion, I was struck with the peculiar beauty of some of her poems, as well as edified with the piety and devotion of which they are strongly expressive. I mentioned them to Mr. C ; and partly to amuse a solitary hour, partly to keep in exercise the genius of this incomparable man, I requested him to put a few of the poems into an English dress. Afterward, during my absence upon a journey, I received a letter, in which Mr. C. says, " I have but little leisure, strange as it may seem. That little I devoted for a month after your departure to the translation of Madame Guion. I have made fair copies of all the pieces I have produced on this last occasion, and will put them into your

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\* The Rev. John Newton, Rector of St. Mary's, Woolnoth, London.

hands when we meet. They are yours to serve as you please, you may take and leave as you like, for my purpose is already served. They have amused me, and I have no further demand upon them." On my return, Mr. C. presented me with these translations, to which he added the letter to a Protestant Lady in France, and the Poem on Friendship.

The idea of printing them was afterwards suggested to Mr. C. and he gave his full consent, intending to revise them before I should send them to press. Various circumstances prevented him from doing this; and the poems would probably have still remained unpublished, if it had not been found that several copies of them had already got abroad. The Editor therefore had reason to believe, that they would otherwise have made their appearance in a state far less correct than if printed from the original manuscript. Nor can he imagine that even in their present form, they will, on the whole, tend to diminish the well-deserved reputation of their excellent Author.

To infer that the peculiarities of Madame Guion's theological sentiments, were adopted either by Mr. C. or by the Editor, would be almost as absurd as to suppose the inimitable translator of Homer to have been a pagan. He revered her piety, admired her genius, and judged that several of her poems would be read with pleasure and edification by serious and candid persons.

I have taken the liberty to add the Stanzas subjoined to the Bills of Mortality, which had been published a few years past at Northampton; and the Epitaph, which had appeared in a periodical publication. They sufficiently mark the genius of their Author, correspond with the other parts of this small volume, and have not before been printed in a uniform manner with his poems.

WILLIAM BULL.

NEWPORT-PAGNEL,  
6th June, 1801.

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## THE NATIVITY.

POEME HEROIQUE,

*Vol. 4, § 4.*

'TIS Folly all—let me no more be told  
Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold ;  
Delightful views of Nature dress'd by Art,  
Enchant no longer this indiff'rent heart ;  
The Lord of all things, in his humble birth,  
Makes mean the proud magnificence of earth ;  
The straw, the manger, and the mould'ring wall,  
Eclipse its lustre ; and I scorn it all.

Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,  
Green slopes, and plains whose plenty never fails ;  
Deep rooted groves, whose heads sublimely rise,  
Earth-born, and yet ambitious of the skies ;  
Th' abundant foliage of whose gloomy shades,  
Vainly the sun in all its pow'r invades ;  
Where warbled airs of sprightly birds resound ;  
Whose verdure lives while winter scowls around ;  
Rocks, lofty mountains, caverns dark and deep,  
And torrents raving down the rugged steep ;  
Smooth downs, whose fragrant herbs the spirits cheer,  
Meads, crown'd with flow'rs ; streams musical and clear,



Whose silver waters, and whose murmurs, join  
Their artless charms, to make the scene divine ;  
The fruitful vinyard, and the furrowed plain,  
That seems a rolling sea of golden grain ;  
All, all have lost the charms they once possess'd ;  
An infant God reigns sov'reign in my breast ;  
From Beth'lem's bosom I no more will rove ;  
There dwells the Saviour, and there rests my love.

Ye mightier rivers, that with sounding force  
Urge down the valleys your impetuous course !  
Winds, clouds, and lightnings ! and ye waves, whose heads,  
Curl'd into monstrous forms, the seaman dreads !  
Horrid abyss, where all experience fails,  
Spread with the wreck of planks and shattered sails ;  
On whose broad back grim Death triumphant rides,  
While havoc floats on all thy swelling tides,  
Thy shores a scene of ruin, strew'd around  
With vessels bulg'd, and bodies of the drown'd !

Ye Fish, that sport beneath the boundless waves,  
And rest, secure from man, in rocky caves ;  
Swift darting sharks, and whales of hideous size,  
Whom all th' aquatic world with terror eyes !  
Had I but Faith immoveable and true,  
I might defy the fiercest storm, like you ;  
The world, a more disturb'd and boist'rous sea,  
When Jesus shows a smile, affrights not me :  
He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,  
Break harmless at my feet, and leave the shore.



Thou azure vault, where, through the gloom of night,  
Thick sown, we see such countless worlds of light !  
Thou Moon, whose car, encompassing the skies,  
Restores lost nature to our wond'ring eyes ;  
Again retiring, when the brighter Sun  
Begins the course he seems in haste to run !  
Behold *him* where he shines ! His rapid rays,  
Themselves unmeasur'd, measure all our days ;  
Nothing impedes the race he would pursue,  
Nothing escapes his penetrating view,  
A thousand lands confess his quick'ning heat,  
And all he cheers, are fruitful, fair, and sweet. ..

Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,  
I feel the thorn, alas ! but miss the rose ;  
Too well I know this aching heart requires  
More solid good to fill its vast desires ;  
In vain they represent His matchless might  
Who call'd them out of deep primæval night ;  
Their form and beauty but augment my woe ;  
I seek the Giver of the charms they show ;  
Nor, Him beside, throughout the world he made,  
Lives there, in whom I trust for cure or aid.

Infinite God, thou great unrivall'd ONE,  
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun ;  
Compar'd with thine, how dim his beauty seems,  
How quench'd the radiance of his golden beams !  
Thou art my bliss, the light by which I move ;  
In thee alone dwells all that I can love ;

All darkness flies when thou art pleas'd t' appear,  
A sudden spring renews the fading year ;  
Where e'er I turn, I see thy power and grace  
The watchful guardians of our heedless race ;  
Thy various creatures in one strain agree,  
All, in all times and places, speak of thee ;  
Ev'n I, with trembling heart and stammering tongue,  
Attempt thy praise, and join the gen'ral song.

Almighty Former of this wondrous plan,  
Faintly reflected in thine image, man—  
Holy and just—the Greatness of whose name  
Fills and supports this universal frame,  
Diffus'd throughout th' infinitude of space,  
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place ;  
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours  
Discerns, eluding our most active pow'rs ;  
Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,  
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown ;  
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,  
Lord of the thoughts, and Sov'reign of the heart !

Repeat the charming truth that never tires,  
No God is like the God my soul desires ;  
He at whose voice Heav'n trembles, ev'n He,  
Great as he is, knows how to stoop to me—  
Lo ! there he lies—that smiling Infant said,  
'Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, exist !' and they obey'd.  
Ev'n He whose Being swells beyond the skies,  
Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies ;

Eternal and Immortal, seems to cast  
That glory from his brows, and breathes his last.  
Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought,  
How do they shrink, and vanish at the thought.

Sweet Solitude, and scene of my repose !  
This rustic sight assuages all my woes—  
That crib contains the Lord whom I adore ;  
And Earth's a shade, that I pursue no more.  
He is my firm support, my rock, my tow'r,  
I dwell secure beneath his shelt'ring pow'r,  
And hold this mean retreat for ever dear,  
For all I love, my soul's delight is here.  
I see th' Almighty swath'd in infant bands,  
Tied helpless down, the Thunder-bearer's hands !  
And in this shed, that mystery discern,  
Which faith and love, and they alone, can learn.

Ye tempests, spare the slumbers of your Lord !  
Ye zephyrs, all your whisper'd sweets afford !  
Confess the God that guides the rolling year ;  
Heav'n, do him homage ; and thou Earth, revere !  
Ye Shepherd's, Monarchs, Sages, hither bring  
Your hearts an offering, and adore your King !  
Pure be those hearts, and rich in Faith and Love ;  
Join, in his praise, th' harmonious worlds above ;  
To Beth'lem haste, rejoice in his repose,  
And praise him there for all that he bestows !

Man, busy Man, alas ! can ill afford  
T' obey the summons, and attend the Lord ;

Perverted reason revels and runs wild,  
By glitt'ring shows of pomp and wealth beguil'd ;  
And blind to genuine excellence and grace,  
Finds not her Author in so mean a place.  
Ye unbelieving ! learn a wiser part,  
Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart ;  
There, soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame  
Glow for that Infant God from whom it came ;  
Resist not, quench not that divine desire,  
Melt all your adamant in heav'nly fire !

Not so will I requite thee, gentle Love !  
Yielding and soft this heart shall ever prove ;  
And ev'ry heart, beneath thy pow'r should fall,  
Glad to submit, could mine contain them all.  
But I am poor, oblation I have none,  
None for a Saviour, but Himself alone :  
Whate'er I render thee, from thee it came ;  
And if I give my body to the flame,  
My patience, love, and energy divine  
Of heart, and soul, and spirit, all are thine.  
Ah vain attempt, t' expunge the mighty score !  
The more I pay, I owe thee still the more.

Upon my meanness, poverty, and guilt,  
The trophy of thy glory shall be built ;  
My self-disdain shall be th' unshaken base,  
And my deformity, its fairest grace ;  
For destitute of Good, and rich in Ill,  
Must be my state, and my description still.

And do I grieve at such a humbling lot ?  
Nay, but I cherish and enjoy the thought—  
Vain pageantry and pomp of Earth, adieu !  
I have no wish, no memory for you ;  
The more I feel my mis'ry, I adore  
The sacred Inmate of my soul the more ;  
Rich in His Love, I feel my noblest pride  
Spring from the sense of having nought beside.

In Thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue, might ;  
My wand'rings prove thy wisdom infinite ;  
All that I have, I give thee ; and then see  
All contrarieties unite in thee ;  
For thou hast join'd them, taking up our woe,  
And pouring out thy bliss on worms below,  
By filling with thy grace and love divine  
A gulph of evil in this heart of mine.  
This is indeed to bid the valleys rise,  
And the hills sink—'tis matching earth and skies !  
I feel my weakness, thank thee, and deplore  
An aching heart that throbs to thank thee more ;  
The more I love thee, I the more reprove  
A soul so lifeless, and so slow to love ;  
Till, on a deluge of thy mercy toss'd,  
I plunge into that sea, and there am lost.

GOD NEITHER KNOWN NOR LOVED BY  
THE WORLD.*Vol. 2, Cantique 11.*

YE Linnets, let us try, beneath this grove,  
Which shall be loudest in our Maker's praise !  
In quest of some forlorn retreat I rove,  
For all the world is blind, and wanders from his ways.

That God alone should prop the sinking soul,  
Fills them with rage against his empire now ;  
I traverse earth in vain from pole to pole,  
To seek one simple heart, set free from all below.

They speak of Love, yet little feel its sway,  
While in their bosoms many an idol lurks ;  
Their base desires well satisfied obey,  
Leave the Creator's hand, and lean upon his works.

'Tis therefore I can dwell with man no more ;  
Your fellowship, ye warblers ! suits me best :  
Pure Love has lost its price, though priz'd of yore,  
Profan'd by modern tongues, and slighted as a jest.

My God, who form'd you for his praise alone,  
Beholds his purpose well fulfill'd in you ;  
Come, let us join the Choir before his throne,  
Partaking in his praise with spirits just and true !

Yes, I will always love ; and, as I ought,  
Tune to the praise of Love my ceaseless voice ;

Preferring Love too vast for human thought,  
In spite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,  
Lord of my soul ! that they might all be thine ?  
If thou approve—the zeal thy smile imparts,  
How should it ever fail ! Can such a fire decline ?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire ;  
Its object heav'nly, it must ever blaze :  
Eternal Love, a God must needs inspire,  
When once he wins the heart, and fits it for his praise.

Self-love dismiss'd—'tis then we live indeed—  
In Her embrace, death, only death, is found ;  
Come then, one noble effort, and succeed,  
Cast off the chain of Self with which thy soul is bound !

Oh ! I would cry that all the world might hear,  
Ye self-tormentors, love your God alone ;  
Let his unequall'd excellence be dear,  
Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your own !

They hear me not—alas ! how fond to rove  
In endless chase of Folly's specious lure !  
'Tis here alone, beneath this shady grove,  
I taste the sweets of Truth—here only am secure.



## THE SWALLOW.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 54.*

I AM fond of the Swallow—I learn from her flight,  
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of Love :  
How seldom on Earth do we see her alight !  
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,  
Suspended, and pois'd in the regions of air,  
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,  
It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the Spring, all the Summer she stays,  
And dreading the cold, still follows the sun—  
So, true to our Love, we should covet his rays,  
And the place where he shines not, immediately shun.

Our light should be Love, and our nourishment Pray'r ;  
It is dangerous food that we find upon Earth ;  
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,  
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,  
And only when building a nest for her young ;  
Were it not for her brood, she would never bestow  
A thought upon any thing filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves ('tis a mortal abode)  
To bask ev'ry moment in infinite Love ;  
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road  
That leads to the day-spring appearing above.



THE TRIUMPH OF HEAVENLY LOVE  
DESIRED.*Vol. 2, Cantique 236.*

AH ! reign, wherever Man is found,  
My Spouse, beloved and divine !  
Then I am rich, and I abound,  
When ev'ry human heart is thine.

A thousand sorrows pierce my soul,  
To think that all are not thine own ;  
Ah ! be ador'd from pole to pole ;  
Where is thy zeal ? arise, be known !

All hearts are cold, in ev'ry place,  
Yet earthly good with warmth pursue ;  
Dissolve them with a flash of grace,  
Thaw these of ice, and give us new !

---

A FIGURATIVE DESCRIPTION OF THE  
PROCEDURE OF DIVINE LOVE

IN BRINGING A SOUL TO THE POINT OF SELF-RENUNCIATION AND ABSOLUTE  
ACQUIESCENCE.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 110.*

'T WAS my purpose, on a day,  
To embark, and sail away ;  
As I climb'd the vessel's side,  
Love was sporting in the tide ;  
" Come," he said—" ascend—make haste,  
Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,  
Having each his sep'rate care ;  
They that row'd us, held their eyes  
Fix'd upon the starry skies ;  
Others steer'd, or turn'd the sails  
To receive the shifting gales.

Love, with pow'r divine supply'd,  
Suddenly my courage tri'd ;  
In a moment it was night ;  
Ship, and skies, were out of sight ;  
On the briny wave I lay ;  
Floating rushes all my stay.

Did I with resentment burn  
At this unexpected turn ?  
Did I wish myself on shore,  
Never to forsake it more ?  
No—" my soul," I cried, " be still ;  
If I must be lost, I will."

Next, he hasten'd to convey  
Both my frail supports away ;  
Seiz'd my rushes ; bade the waves  
Yawn into a thousand graves ;  
Down I went, and sunk as lead,  
Ocean closing o'er my head.

Still, however, life was safe ;  
And I saw him turn and laugh ;  
" Friend," he cried, " adieu ! lie low,  
While the wintry storms shall blow :

When the spring has calm'd the main,  
You shall rise and float again."

Soon I saw him with dismay,  
Spread his plumes, and soar away ;  
Now I mark his rapid flight ;  
Now he leaves my aching sight ;  
He is gone whom I adore,  
'Tis in vain to seek him more.

How I trembl'd then, and fear'd  
When my Love had disappear'd !  
" Wilt thou leave me thus," I cri'd,  
" Whelm'd beneath the rolling tide ?"  
Vain attempt to reach his ear !  
Love was gone and would not hear.

Ah ! return, and love me still ;  
See me subject to thy will ;  
Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,  
Only let me see thy face !  
Evil I have none to fear,  
All is good if thou art near.

Yet he leaves me—cruel fate !  
Leaves me in my lost estate—  
Have I sinn'd ? O, say wherein ;  
Tell me, and forgive my sin !  
King, and Lord, whom I adore,  
Shall I see thy face no more ?

Be not angry ; I resign,  
Henceforth, all my will to thine ;

I consent that thou depart,  
Though thine absence breaks my heart ;  
Go then, and for ever too ;  
All is right that thou wilt do.

This was just what Love intended,  
He was now no more offended ;  
Soon as I became a child,  
Love return'd to me, and smil'd :  
Never strife shall more betide  
'Twixt the Bridegroom and his Bride.

---

A CHILD OF GOD LONGING TO SEE HIM  
BELOVED.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 144.*

THERE's not an echo round me,  
But I am glad should learn,  
How pure a fire has found me,  
The Love with which I burn.  
For none attends with pleasure  
To what I would reveal ;  
They slight me out of measure,  
And laugh at all I feel.

The rocks receive less proudly  
The story of my flame ;  
When I approach, they loudly  
Reverberate his name.  
I speak to them of sadness,  
And comforts at a stand ;

They bid me look for gladness,  
And better days at hand.

Far from all habitation,  
I heard a happy sound ;  
Big with the consolation  
That I have often found ;  
I said, " my lot is sorrow,  
My grief has no alloy ;"  
The rocks replied—" to-morrow,  
To-morrow brings thee joy."

These sweet and secret tidings,  
What bliss it is to hear !  
For, spite of all my chidings,  
My weakness and my fear,  
No sooner I receive them,  
Than I forget my pain,  
And happy to believe them,  
I love as much again.

I fly to scenes romantic,  
Where never mên resort ;  
For in an age so frantic,  
Impiety is sport.  
For riot and confusion,  
They barter things above ;  
Condemning, as delusion,  
The joy of perfect Love.

In this sequester'd corner  
None hears what I express ;

Deliver'd from the scorner,  
What peace do I possess !  
Beneath the boughs reclining,  
Or roving o'er the Wild,  
I live, as undesigning,  
And harmless as a child.

No troubles here surprise me,  
I innocently play,  
While providence supplies me,  
And guards me all the day ;  
My dear and kind defender  
Preserves me safely here,  
From men of pomp and splendor,  
Who fill a child with fear.

---

## ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL AFTER GOD.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 95.*

MY Spouse ! in whose presence I live,  
Sole object of all my desires,  
Who know'st what a flame I conceive,  
And canst easily double its fires ;  
How pleasant is all that I meet !  
From fear of adversity free,  
I find even sorrow made sweet ;  
Because 'tis assign'd me by Thee.

Transported, I see thee display  
Thy riches and glory divine ;

I have only my life to repay,  
Take what I would gladly resign.  
Thy will is the treasure I seek,  
For thou art as faithful as strong ;  
There let me, obedient and meek,  
Repose myself all the day long.

My spirit and faculties fail ;  
Oh finish what Love has begun !  
Destroy what is sinful and frail,  
And dwell in the soul thou hast won !  
Dear theme of my wonder and praise,  
I cry, who is worthy as 'Thou !  
I can only be silent and gaze ;  
'Tis all that is left to me now.

Oh ! glory, in which I am lost,  
Too deep for the plummet of thought !  
On an ocean of deity toss'd,  
I am swallow'd, I sink into nought.  
Yet lost and absorb'd as I seem,  
I chant to the praise of my King ;  
And though overwhelm'd by the theme,  
Am happy whenever I sing.

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## GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 95.*

ALL are indebted much to thee,  
But I far more than all,



From many a deadly snare set free,  
And rais'd from many a fall.  
Overwhelm me, from above,  
Daily, with thy boundless Love.

What bonds of Gratitude I feel,  
No language can declare ;  
Beneath th' oppressive weight I reel,  
'Tis more than I can bear ;  
When shall I that blessing prove,  
To return thee Love for Love ?

Spirit of Charity, dispense  
Thy grace to ev'ry heart ;  
Expel all other spirits thence,  
Drive self from ev'ry part :  
Charity divine, draw nigh,  
Break the chains in which we lie !

All selfish souls, whate'er they feign,  
Have still a slavish lot ;  
They boast of Liberty in vain,  
Of Love, and feel it not.  
He whose bosom glows with Thee,  
He, and he, alone is free.

Oh ! blessedness, all bliss above,  
When *thy* pure fires prevail !  
Love only teaches what is Love ;  
All other lessons fail :  
We learn its name, but not its pow'rs,  
Experience only makes it ours.



## HAPPY SOLITUDE—UNHAPPY MEN.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 89.*

MY heart is easy, and my burden light ;  
I smile, though sad, when thou art in my sight :  
The more my woes in secret I deplore,  
I taste thy goodness, and I love, the more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,  
Faith, Love, and Hope, within my soul abound ;  
And while the world suppose me lost in care,  
The joys of angels, unperceiv'd, I share.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O ! thou sov'reign Good !  
Thou art not lov'd, because not understood ;  
This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile  
Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.

Frail beauty, and false honor, are ador'd ;  
While Thee they scorn, and trifle with thy word ;  
Pass, unconcern'd, a Saviour's sorrows by ;  
And hunt their ruin, with a zeal to die.

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LIVING WATER.*Vol. 4, Cantique 81.*

THE fountain in its source,  
No drought of summer fears ;  
The farther it pursues its course,  
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield  
A scanty, short supply ;  
The morning sees them amply fill'd,  
The ev'ning finds them dry.

---

TRUTH AND DIVINE LOVE REJECTED BY  
THE WORLD.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 22.*

O LOVE ! of pure and heav'nly birth !  
O ! simple Truth, scarce known on earth !  
Whom men resist with stubborn will ;  
And more perverse and daring still,  
Smother and quench, with reas'nings vain,  
While error and deception reign.

Whence comes it, that, your pow'r the same  
As His on high, from whom you came,  
Ye rarely find a list'ning ear,  
Or heart that makes you welcome here ?—  
Because ye bring reproach and pain,  
Where'er ye visit, in your train.

The world is proud, and cannot bear  
The scorn and calumny ye share :  
The praise of men, the mark *they* mean,  
They fly the place where *ye* are seen ;  
Pure Love, with scandal in the rear,  
Suits not the vain ; it costs too dear.

Then, let the price be what it may,  
Though poor, I am prepar'd to pay :  
Come shame, come sorrow ; spite of tears,  
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears ;  
One soul, at last, shall not repine,  
To give *you* room, come, reign in mine !

---

## DIVINE JUSTICE AMIABLE.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 119.*

THOU hast no lightnings, O ! thou Just !  
Or I their force should know ;  
And if thou strike me into dust,  
My soul approves the blow.

The heart, that values less its ease,  
Than it adores thy ways ;  
In thine avenging anger, sees  
A subject of its praise.

Pleas'd, I could lie conceal'd, and lost  
In shades of central night ;  
Not to avoid thy wrath, thou know'st,  
But lest I grieve thy sight.

Smite me, O ! thou, whom I provoke !  
And I will love thee still :  
The well-deserv'd, and righteous stroke,  
Shall please me, though it kill.

Am I not worthy, to sustain  
The worst thou canst devise ;

And dare I seek thy throne again,  
And meet thy sacred eyes ?

Far from afflicting, thou art kind ;  
And in my saddest hours,  
An unction of thy grace I find,  
Pervading all my pow'rs.

Alas ! thou spar'st me yet again ;  
And when thy wrath should move,  
Too gentle to endure my pain,  
Thou sooth'st me with thy Love.

I have no punishment to fear ;  
But ah ! that smile from thee,  
Imparts a pang, far more severe  
Than woe itself would be.

---

## THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM EVERY WHERE.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 108.*

OH thou, by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide ;  
My Love ! how full of sweet content  
I pass my years of banishment.

All scenes, alike engaging prove,  
To souls impress'd with sacred love ;  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee ;  
In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time ;  
My country is in ev'ry clime ;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none ;  
But with a God to guide our way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;  
But regions none, remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone ;  
Nor other can I claim or own ;  
The point where all my wishes meet ;  
My Law, my Love ; life's only sweet !

I hold by nothing here below ;  
Appoint my journey, and I go ;  
Though pierc'd by scorn, opprest by pride,  
I feel thee good—feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove  
To souls on fire with heav'nly love :  
Though men and devils both condemn,  
No gloomy days arise for them.

Ah then ! to his embrace repair ;  
My soul, thou art no stranger there ;  
There Love divine shall be thy guard,  
And peace and safety thy reward.

## THE TESTIMONY OF DIVINE ADOPTION.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 78.*

HOW happy are the new-born race,  
Partakers of adopting grace !

How pure the bliss they share !  
Hid from the world and all its eyes,  
Within their heart the blessing lies,  
And conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 'tis ours ;  
And if we love with all our pow'rs  
The God from whom it came,  
And if we serve with hearts sincere,  
'Tis still discernible and clear,  
An undisputed claim.

But ah ! if foul and wilful sin  
Stain and dishonor us within,  
Farewell the joy we knew ;  
Again the slaves of Nature's sway,  
In lab'rinth of our own we stray,  
Without a guide or clue.

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve  
The gracious Spirit they receive,  
His work distinctly trace ;  
And strong in undissembling love,  
Boldly assert, and clearly prove,  
Their hearts his dwelling place.

Oh ! messenger of dear delight,  
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,  
Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove !  
With thee at hand to sooth our pains,  
No wish unsatisfied remains,  
No task, but that of Love.

'Tis Love unites what Sin divides ;  
The centre where all bliss resides,  
To which the soul once brought,  
Reclining on the first great Cause,  
From his abounding sweetness draws  
Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,  
And life assumes a tranquil air,  
Divested of its woes ;  
There, sov'reign goodness soothes the breast,  
Till then, incapable of rest,  
In sacred sure repose.

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## DIVINE LOVE ENDURES NO RIVAL.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 155.*

LOVE is the Lord whom I obey,  
Whose will transported I perform,  
The centre of my rest, my stay,  
Love all in all to me, myself a worm.

For uncreated charms I burn,  
Oppress'd by slavish fear no more :

For one, in whom I may discern,  
Ev'n when he frowns, a sweetness I adore.

He little loves Him, who complains,  
And finds Him rig'rous and severe ;  
His heart is sordid, and he feigns,  
Though full of guile, a soul sincere.

Love causes grief, but 'tis to move  
And stimulate the slum'bring mind ;  
And he has never tasted Love,  
Who shuns a pang so graciously design'd.

Sweet is the cross, above all sweets,  
To souls enamor'd with thy smiles ;  
The keenest woe life ever meets,  
Love strips of all its terrors, and beguiles.

Tis just, that God should not be dear,  
Where self engrosses all the thought,  
And groans and murmurs make it clear,  
Whatever else is lov'd, the Lord is not.

The love of Thee flows just as much  
As that of ebbing Self subsides ;  
Our hearts, their scantiness is such,  
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul ;  
Then let self-love be dispossess'd ;  
The Love of God deserves the whole,  
And will not dwell with so despis'd a guest.



## SELF-DIFFIDENCE.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 125.*

SOURCE of love, and light of day,  
Tear me from myself away ;  
Ev'ry view and thought of mine,  
Cast into the mould of thine ;  
Teach, Oh ! teach this faithless heart  
A consistent, constant part ;  
Or, if it must live to grow  
More rebellious, break it now !

Is it thus, that I requite  
Grace and goodness infinite ?  
Ev'ry trace of ev'ry boon,  
Cancell'd, and eras'd, so soon !  
Can I grieve thee, whom I love ;  
Thee, in whom I live and move ?  
If my sorrow touch thee still,  
Save me from so great an ill !

Oh ! th' oppressive, irksome weight,  
Felt in an uncertain state ;  
Comfort, peace, and rest, adieu,  
Should I prove at last untrue !  
Still I choose thee, follow still  
Ev'ry notice of thy will ;  
But unstable, strangely weak,  
Still let slip the good I seek.

Self-confiding wretch, I thought,  
I could serve thee as I ought,

Win thee, and deserve to feel  
All the love thou canst reveal !  
Trusting self, a bruised reed,  
Is to be deceiv'd indeed ;  
Save me from this harm and loss,  
Lest my gold turn all to dross !

Self is earthly—Faith alone  
Makes an unseen world our own ;  
Faith relinquish'd, how we roam,  
Feel our way, and leave our home !  
Spurious Gems our hopes entice,  
While we scorn the pearl of price ;  
And preferring servant's pay,  
Cast the children's bread away !

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## THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 135.*

LOVE, if thy destin'd sacrifice am I ;  
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare thy fires ;  
Plung'd in thy depths of mercy, let me die  
The death, which ev'ry soul that lives, desires !

I watch my hours, and see them fleet away ;  
The time is long, that I have languish'd here ;  
Yet all my thoughts thy purposes obey,  
With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether Love ordain  
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease :

My soul perceives no real Ill in pain ;  
In ease, or health, no real Good she sees.

One Good she covets, and that Good alone ;  
To choose thy will, from selfish bias free ;  
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,  
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

That we should bear the cross, is thy command,  
Die to the world, and live to self no more ;  
Suffer unmov'd, beneath the rudest hand,  
As pleas'd when shipwreck'd, as when safe on shore.

---

## REPOSE IN GOD.

### *Vol. 2, Cantique 17.*

BLEST ! who far from all mankind,  
This world's shadows left behind,  
Hears from Heav'n a gentle strain  
Whisp'ring Love, and loves again.

Blest ! who free from self-esteem,  
Dives into the Great Supreme,  
All desire beside discards,  
Joys inferior none regards.

Blest ! who in thy bosom seeks  
Rest that nothing earthly breaks,  
Dead to self and worldly things,  
Lost in Thee, thou King of Kings !

Ye that know my secret fire,  
Softly speak, and soon retire ;  
Favor my divine repose,  
Spare the sleep a God bestows.

---

## GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 15.*

OH lov'd ! but not enough—though dearer far  
Than self and its most lov'd enjoyments are ;  
None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free  
From sensual objects, finds his all in Thee.

Glory of God ! thou stranger here below,  
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know ;  
Our Faith and Reason are both shock'd to find  
Man in the post of honor—Thee behind.

Reason exclaims—" Let ev'ry creature fall,  
" Asham'd, abas'd, before the Lord of all ;"  
And Faith, o'erwhelm'd with such a dazzling blaze,  
Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as blind,  
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,  
In frantic competition dares the skies,  
And claims precedence of the Only Wise.

Oh ! lost in vanity till once self-known !  
Nothing is great, or good, but God alone,

When thou shalt stand before his awful face,  
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know his place.

Glorious, Almighty, First, and without end !  
When wilt thou melt the mountains, and descend ?  
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conqu'ring rays,  
And teach these atoms, thou hast made, thy praise ?

Thy Glory is the sweetest heav'n I feel ;  
And if I seek it with too fierce a zeal,  
Thy Love, triumphant o'er a selfish will,  
Taught me the passion, and inspires it still.

My Reason, all my faculties, unite,  
To make thy Glory their supreme delight ;  
Forbid it, Fountain of my brightest days,  
That I should rob thee, and usurp thy praise !

My soul ! rest happy in thy low estate,  
Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteem'd, or great ;  
To take th' impression of a will divine,  
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess Him righteous in his just decrees,  
Love what he loves, and let his pleasure please ;  
Die daily ; from the touch of Sin recede ;  
Then thou hast crown'd him, and he reigns indeed.

## SELF-LOVE AND TRUTH INCOMPATIBLE.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 21.*

FROM thorny wilds, a Monster came,  
That fill'd my soul with fear and shame ;  
The birds, forgetful of their mirth,  
Droop'd at the sight, and fell to earth ;  
When thus a sage address'd mine ear,  
Himself unconscious of a fear.

“ Whence all this terror and surprise,  
“ Distracted looks, and streaming eyes ?  
“ Far from the world and its affairs,  
“ The joy it boasts, the pain it shares,  
“ Surrender without guile or art,  
“ To God, an undivided heart ;  
“ The savage form, so fear'd before,  
“ Shall fright your trembling soul no more ;  
“ For loathsome as the sight may be,  
“ 'Tis but the *Love of self* you see.  
“ Fix all your Love on God alone,  
“ Choose but His will, and hate your own ;  
“ No fear shall in your path be found,  
“ The dreary waste shall bloom around,  
“ And you, through all your happy days,  
“ Shall bless his name, and sing his praise.”

Oh lovely Solitude, how sweet,  
The silence of this calm retreat !  
Here Truth, the fair whom I pursue,  
Gives all her beauty to my view ;

The simple, unadorn'd display,  
Charms ev'ry pain and fear away.  
O Truth ! whom millions proudly slight,  
O Truth ! my treasure and delight,  
Accept this tribute to thy name,  
And this poor heart, from which it came !

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## THE LOVE OF GOD, THE END OF LIFE.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 165.*

SINCE life in sorrow must be spent,  
So be it—I am well content,  
And meekly wait my last remove,  
Seeking only growth in Love.

No bliss I seek, but to fulfill  
In life, in death, thy holy will ;  
No succours in my woes I want,  
Save what thou art pleas'd to grant.

Our days are number'd, let us spare  
Our anxious hearts a needless care :  
'Tis thine, to number out our days ;  
Ours, to give them to thy praise.

Love is our only bus'ness here,  
Love, simple, constant, and sincere ;  
O ! blessed days, thy servants see !  
Spent, O Lord ! in pleasing Thee.

LOVE FAITHFUL IN THE ABSENCE OF  
THE BELOVED.*Vol. 4, Cantique 49.*

IN vain ye woo me to your harmless joys,  
Ye pleasant bow'rs, remote from strife and noise ;  
Your shades, the witnesses of many a vow,  
Breath'd forth in happier days, are irksome now ;  
Denied that smile 'twas once my heav'n to see,  
Such scenes, such pleasures are all past with me.

In vain he leaves me, I shall love him still ;  
And though I mourn, not murmur at his will ;  
I have no cause—an object all divine  
Might well grow weary of a soul like mine ;  
Yet pity me, great God ! forlorn, alone,  
Heartless and hopeless, Life and Love all gone.

---

## LOVE PURE AND FERVENT.

*Vol. 4, Cantique 31.*

JEALOUS, and with Love o'erflowing,  
God demands a fervent heart :  
Grace and bounty, still bestowing,  
Calls us to a grateful part.

Oh ! then, with supreme affection,  
His paternal will regard !  
If it cost us some dejection,  
Ev'ry sigh has its reward.



Perfect Love has pow'r to soften  
Cares that might our peace destroy,  
Nay, does more—transforms them often,  
Changing sorrow into joy.

Sov'reign Love appoints the measure,  
And the number of our pains ;  
And is pleas'd when we find pleasure  
In the trials he ordains.

---

## THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.

*Vol. 4, Cantique 77.*

PEACE has unveil'd her smiling face,  
And woos thy soul to her embrace ;  
Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain  
From earthly Love, else sought in vain ;  
She dwells with all who Truth prefer,  
But seeks not them, who seeks not Her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,  
All that thou hast, and all thou art ;  
Renounce all strength but strength divine ;  
And peace shall be for ever thine :—  
Behold the path which I have trod,  
My path, 'till I go home to God.

## THE PERFECT SACRIFICE.

*Vol. 4, Cantique 74.*

I place an off'ring at thy shrine,  
From taint and blemish clear,  
Simple and pure in its design,  
Of all that I hold dear.

I yield thee back thy gifts again,  
Thy gifts which most I prize ;  
Desirous only to retain  
The notice of thine eyes.

But if, by thine ador'd decree,  
That blessing be denied,  
Resign'd, and unreluctant, see,  
My ev'ry wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve ;  
Exalted or cast down,  
Thy will in ev'ry state, I love,  
And even in thy frown.

---

## GOD HIDES HIS PEOPLE.

*Vol. 4, Cantique 42.*

TO lay the soul that loves him, low,  
Becomes the Only-wise ;  
To hide beneath a veil of woe  
The children of the skies.

Man, though a worm, would yet be great ;  
Though feeble, would seem strong ;  
Assumes an independent state,  
By sacrilege and wrong.

Strange the reverse, which once abas'd,  
The haughty creature proves !  
He feels his soul a barren waste,  
Nor dares affirm, he loves.

Scorn'd by the thoughtless and the vain,  
To God he presses near ;  
Superior to the world's disdain,  
And happy in it's sneer.

Oh ! welcome, in his heart he says,  
Humility and shame !  
Farewell the wish for human praise,  
The music of a name !

But will not scandal mar the good  
That I might else perform ?  
And can God work it, if he would,  
By so despis'd a worm ?

Ah ! vainly anxious !—leave the Lord  
To rule thee, and dispose ;  
Sweet is the mandate of his word,  
And gracious all he does.

He draws from human littleness  
His grandeur and renown,

And gen'rous hearts with joy confess  
The triumph all his own.

Down then with self-exalting thoughts,  
Thy faith and hope employ  
To welcome all that he allots,  
And suffer shame with joy.

No longer, then, thou wilt encroach  
On his eternal right ;  
And he shall smile at thy approach,  
And make thee his delight.

---

## THE SECRETS OF DIVINE LOVE ARE TO BE KEPT.

*Vol. 3. Cantique 48.*

SUN ! stay thy course, this moment stay—  
Suspend th' o'erflowing tide of day,  
Divulge not such a Love as mine,  
Ah ! hide the mystery divine,  
Lest man, who deems my glory shame,  
Should learn the secret of my flame.

Oh night ! propitious to my views,  
Thy sable awning wide diffuse ;  
Conceal alike my joy and pain,  
Nor draw thy curtain back again,  
Though morning, by the tears she shows,  
Seems to participate my woes.

Ye stars ! whose faint and feeble fires  
Express my languishing desires,  
Whose slender beams pervade the skies  
As silent as my secret sighs,  
Those emanations of a soul  
That darts her fires beyond the pole ;

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,  
That pierce, but not displace the night,  
That shine indeed, but nothing show  
Of all those various scenes below,  
Bring no disturbance, rather prove  
Incentives of a sacred Love.

Thou Moon ! whose never-failing course  
Bespeaks a providential force,  
Go, tell the tidings of my flame  
To Him who calls the stars by name ;  
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers ;  
Who blots, or brightens, all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,  
Thine orb performs its rapid race ;  
Still whisper in his list'ning ears  
The language of my sighs and tears ;  
Tell him, I seek him, far below,  
Lost in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent hours,  
Diffusing peace o'er all my pow'rs ;  
Friends of the pensive ! who conceal,  
In darkest shades, the flame I feel ;

To you I trust, and safely may,  
The Love that wastes my strength away.

In sylvan scenes, and caverns rude,  
I taste the sweets of solitude ;  
Retir'd indeed, but not alone,  
I share them with a Spouse unknown,  
Who hides me here, from envious eyes,  
From all intrusion and surprise.

Imbow'ring shades, and dens profound !  
Where echo rolls the voice around :  
Mountains ! whose elevated heads,  
A moist, and misty veil o'erspreads ;  
Disclose a solitary Bride  
To Him I love—to none beside.

Ye rills ! that murm'ring all the way,  
Among the polish'd pebbles stray ;  
Creep silently along the ground,  
Lest drawn by that harmonious sound,  
Some wand'rer, whom I would not meet,  
Should stumble on my lov'd retreat.

Enamell'd meads, and hillocks green,  
And streams, that water all the scene !  
Ye torrents, loud in distant ears !  
Ye fountains, that receive my tears !  
Ah ! still conceal, with caution due,  
A charge, I trust with none but you.

If, when my pain and grief increase,  
I seem t' enjoy the sweetest peace,

It is because I find so fair  
The charming object of my care,  
That I can sport, and pleasure, make  
Of torment, suffer'd for his sake.

Ye meads and groves ! unconscious things !  
Ye know not whence my pleasure springs,  
Ye know not, and ye cannot know,  
The source from which my sorrows flow ;  
The dear sole Cause of all I feel,—  
He knows, and understands them well.

Ye deserts ! where the wild beasts rove,  
Scenes sacred to my hours of love ;  
Ye forests ! in whose shades I stray,  
Benighted under burning day ;  
Ah ! whisper not how blest am I,  
Nor while I live, nor when I die.

Ye lambs ! that sport beneath these shades,  
And bound along the mossy glades :  
Be taught a salutary fear,  
And cease to bleat when I am near :  
The wolf may hear your harmless cry,  
Whom ye should dread, as much as I.

How calm, amid these scenes, my mind !  
How perfect is the peace I find !  
Oh ! hush, be still my ev'ry part,  
My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart !  
That, Love aspiring to its cause,  
May suffer not a moment's pause.

Ye swift-finn'd nations ! that abide  
In seas, as fathomless as wide ;  
And unsuspecting of a snare,  
Pursue at large, your pleasures there :  
Poor sportive fools ! how soon does man  
Your heedless ignorance trepan !

Away ! dive deep into the brine,  
Where never yet sunk plummet line ;  
'Trust me, the vast Leviathan  
Is merciful, compar'd with man ;  
Avoid his arts, forsake the beach,  
And never play within his reach.

My soul her bondage ill endures ;  
I pant for liberty like yours ;  
I long for that immense Profound,  
That knows no bottom, and no bound ;  
Lost in Infinity, to prove  
Th' Incomprehensible of Love.

Ye birds ! that lessen as ye fly,  
And vanish in the distant sky ;  
To whom yon airy waste belongs,  
Resounding with your cheerful songs ;  
Haste to escape from human sight ;  
Fear less, the vulture, and the kite.

How blest, and how secure, am I,  
When quitting earth, I soar on high ;  
When lost, like you I disappear,  
And float in a sublimer sphere !



Whence falling, within human view,  
I am ensnar'd, and caught like you.

Omniscient God ! whose notice deigns  
To try the heart, and search the reins ;  
Compassionate the num'rous woes,  
I dare not, e'en to thee, disclose ;  
Oh ! save me from the cruel hands  
Of men, who fear not thy commands !

Love, all-subduing, and divine,  
Care for a creature, truly thine ;  
Reign in a heart, dispos'd to own  
No sov'reign, but thyself alone ;  
Cherish a Bride, who cannot rove  
Nor quit thee for a meaner Love !

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### THE VICISSITUDES EXPERIENCED IN A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

*Vol. 3, Cantique 69.*

I suffer fruitless anguish day by day,  
Each moment, as it passes, marks my pain ;  
Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,  
And see no end to all that I sustain.

The more I strive, the more I am withstood ;  
Anxiety increasing ev'ry hour,  
My spirit finds no rest, performs no good,  
And nought remains of all my former pow'r.

My peace of heart is fled, I know not where ;  
My happy hours, like shadows, pass'd away ;  
Their sweet rememb'rance doubles all my care,  
Night darker seems, succeeding such a day.

Dear faded joys, and impotent regret,  
What profit is there in incessant tears ?  
Oh ! Thou, whom, once beheld, we ne'er forget,  
Reveal thy Love, and banish all my fears !

Alas ! he flies me—treats me as his foe,  
Views not my sorrows, hears not when I plead ;  
Woe, such as mine, despis'd, neglected woe,  
Unless it shorten life, is vain indeed.

Pierc'd with a thousand wounds, I yet survive ;  
My pangs are keen, but no complaint transpires ;  
And while in terrors of thy wrath I live,  
Hell seems to lose its less tremendous fires.

Has Hell a pain I would not gladly bear,  
So thy severe displeasure might subside ?  
Hopeless of ease, I seem already there,  
My life extinguish'd, and yet death denied.

Is this the joy so promis'd—this the Love,  
Th' unchanging love, so sworn in better days !  
Ah ! dang'rous glories ! shown me, but to prove  
How lovely thou, and I, how rash to gaze.

Why did I see them ? had I still remain'd,  
Untaught, still ignorant how fair thou art,

My humbler wishes I had soon obtain'd,  
Nor known the torments of a doubting heart.

Depriv'd of all, yet feeling no desires,  
Whence then I cry, the pangs that I sustain ?  
Dubious, and uninform'd, my soul inquires,  
Ought she to cherish, or shake off her pain.

Suff'ring, I suffer not—sincerely love,  
Yet feel no touch of that enliv'ning flame ;  
As chance inclines me, unconcern'd I move,  
All times, and all events, to me the same.

I search my heart, and not a wish is there,  
But burns with zeal that hated self may fall ;  
Such is the sad inquietude I share,  
A sea of doubts, and self the source of all.

I ask not life, nor do I wish to die ;  
And if thine hand accomplish not my cure,  
I would not purchase, with a single sigh,  
A free discharge from all that I endure.

I groan in chains, yet want not a release ;  
Am sick, and know not the distemper'd part ;  
Am just as void of purpose, as of peace ;  
Have neither plan, nor fear, nor hope, nor heart.

My claim to life, though sought with earnest care,  
No light, within me, nor without me, shows ;

Once I had faith ; but now, in self-despair  
Find my chief cordial, and my best repose.

My soul is a forgotten thing, she sinks,  
Sinks, and is lost, without a wish to rise ;  
Feels an indiff'rence she abhors, and thinks  
Her name eras'd for ever from the skies.

Language affords not my distress a name,  
Yet is it real, and no sickly dream ;  
'Tis Love inflicts it ; though to feel that flame,  
Is all I know of happiness supreme.

When Love departs, a Chaos wide and vast,  
And dark as Hell, is open'd in the soul ;  
When Love returns, the gloomy scene is past,  
No tempests shake her, and no fears control.

Then tell me, why these ages of delay ?  
Oh ! Love, all-excellent, once more appear ;  
Disperse the shades, and snatch me into day,  
From this abyss of night, these floods of fear !

No—Love is angry, will not now endure  
A sigh of mine, or suffer a complaint ;  
He smites me, wounds me, and withholds the cure :  
Exhausts my pow'rs, and leaves me sick and faint.

He wounds, and hides the hand that gave the blow ;  
He flies, he re-appears, and wounds again—

Was ever heart that lov'd thee, treated so ?  
Yet I adore thee, though it seem in vain.

And wilt thou leave me, whom, when lost and blind,  
Thou didst distinguish, and vouchsafe to choose,  
Before thy laws were written in my mind,  
While yet the world had all my thoughts and views ?

*Now* leave me ? when, enamor'd of thy laws,  
I make thy glory my supreme delight ;  
*Now* blot me from thy register, and cause  
A faithful soul to perish from thy sight ?

What can have caus'd the change that I deplore ?  
Is it to prove me, if my heart be true ?  
Permit me then, while prostrate I adore,  
To draw, and place its picture in thy view.

'Tis thine without reserve, most simply thine ;  
So giv'n to thee, that it is not my own ;  
A willing Captive of thy grace divine ;  
And loves, and seeks thee, for thyself alone.

Pain cannot move it, danger cannot scare ;  
Pleasure, and wealth, in its esteem, are dust ;  
It loves thee, e'en when least inclin'd, to spare  
Its tend'rest feelings, and avows thee just.

'Tis all thine own ; my spirit is so too,  
An undivided off'ring at thy shrine ;

It seeks thy glory with no double view,  
Thy glory, with no secret bent to mine.

Love, holy Love! and art thou not severe,  
To slight me, thus devoted, and thus fix'd?  
Mine is an everlasting ardor, clear  
From all self-bias, gen'rous, and unmix'd.

But I am silent, seeing what I see—  
And fear, with cause, that I am self-deceiv'd;  
Not e'en my faith is from suspicion free,  
And, that I love, seems not to be believ'd.

Live thou, and reign forever, glorious Lord!  
My last, least off'ring, I present thee now—  
Renounce me, leave me, and be still ador'd!  
Slay me, my God, and I applaud the blow.

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## WATCHING UNTO GOD IN THE NIGHT- SEASON.

*Vol. 3, Cantique 71.*

SLEEP at last has fled these eyes,  
Nor do I regret his flight,  
More alert my spirits rise,  
And my heart is free and light.

Nature silent all around,  
Not a single witness near;

God, as soon as sought, is found ;  
And the flame of Love burns clear.

Interruption, all day long,  
Checks the current of my joys ;  
Creatures press me with a throng,  
And perplex me with their noise.

Undisturb'd, I muse, all night,  
On the First Eternal Fair ;  
Nothing there obstructs delight,  
Love is renovated there.

Life, with its perpetual stir,  
Proves a foe to Love, and me ;  
Fresh entanglements occur—  
Comes the night, and sets me free.

Never more, sweet sleep, suspend  
My enjoyments always new ;  
Leave me to possess my Friend ;  
Other eyes and hearts subdue.

Hush the world, that I may wake  
To the taste of pure delights ;  
Oh ! the pleasures I partake—  
God, the Partner of my nights !

David, for the self-same cause,  
Night preferr'd to busy day ;



Hearts, whom heav'nly beauty draws,  
Wish the glaring sun away.

Sleep, Self-lovers, is for you—  
Souls that love *celestial* know,  
Fairer scenes, by night can view,  
Than the sun could ever show.

---

### ON THE SAME.

*Vol. 3, Cantique 72.*

SEASON of my purest pleasure,  
Sealer of observing eyes !  
When in larger, freer measure,  
I can commune with the skies ;  
While, beneath thy shade extended,  
Weary man forgets his woes ;  
I, my daily trouble ended,  
Find, in Watching, my Repose.

Silence, all around prevailing,  
Nature hush'd in slumber sweet,  
No rude noise mine ears assailing,  
Now my God and I can meet :  
Universal nature slumbers,  
And my soul partakes the calm,  
Breathes her ardor out in numbers,  
Plaintive song, or lofty psalm.

Now my passion, pure and holy,  
Shines, and burns, without restraint ;



Which the day's fatigue, and folly,  
Caus'd to languish, dim and faint :  
Charming hours of relaxation !  
How I dread th' ascending sun !  
Surely, idle conversation  
Is an evil, match'd by none.

Worldly prate, and babble, hurt me ;  
Unintelligible prove ;  
Neither teach me, nor divert me ;  
I have ears for none but Love.  
Me, they rude esteem, and foolish,  
Hearing my absurd replies ;  
I have neither arts' fine polish,  
Nor the knowledge of the wise.

Simple souls, and unpolluted,  
By conversing with the great,  
Have a mind, and taste, ill suited  
To their dignity, and state ;  
All their talking, reading, writing,  
Are but talents misapplied ;  
Infants' prattle, I delight in,  
Nothing human choose beside.

'Tis the secret fear of sinning,  
Checks my tongue, or I should say,  
When I see the night beginning,  
I am glad of parting day :

Love, this gentle admonition  
Whispers soft, within my breast ;  
" Choice befits not thy condition,  
Acquiescence suits thee best."

Henceforth, the repose and pleasure  
Night affords me, I resign ;  
And THY will, shall be the measure,  
Wisdom infinite ! of mine :  
Wishing, is but inclination  
Quarrelling with thy decrees ;  
Wayward nature finds th' occasion,  
'Tis her folly, and disease.

Night, with its sublime enjoyments,  
Now no longer will I choose ;  
Nor the day, with its employments,  
Irksome as they seem, refuse.  
Lessons of a God's inspiring,  
Neither time nor place impedes ;  
From our wishing and desiring,  
Our unhappiness proceeds.

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### ON THE SAME.

*Vol. 3, Cantique 73.*

NIGHT ! how I love thy silent shades,  
My spirits they compose ;  
The bliss of heav'n my soul pervades,  
In spite of all my woes.

While sleep instils her poppy dew  
In ev'ry slumb'ring eye,  
I watch, to meditate and muse,  
In blest tranquility.

And when I feel a God immense,  
Familiarly impart,  
With ev'ry proof he can dispense,  
His favor to my heart.

My native meanness I lament,  
Though most divinely fill'd  
With all th' ineffable content,  
That Deity can yield.

His purpose, and his course, he keeps ;  
Treads all my reas'nings down ;  
Commands me out of Nature's deeps,  
And hides me in his own.

When in the dust, its proper place,  
Our pride of heart we lay ;  
'Tis then, a deluge of his grace  
Bears all our sins away.

Thou, whom I serve, and whose I am,  
Whose influence from on high,  
Refines, and still refines my flame,  
And makes my fetters fly ;

How wretched is the creature's state  
Who thwarts thy gracious pow'r ;

Crush'd under sin's enormous weight,  
Increasing ev'ry hour !

The night, when pass'd entire with thee,  
How luminous and clear !  
Then sleep has no delights for me,  
Lest THOU shouldst disappear.

My Saviour ! occupy me still  
In this secure recess ;  
Let reason slumber if she will,  
My joy shall not be less :

Let reason slumber out the night ;  
But if *Thou* deign to make  
My soul th' abode of truth and light,  
Ah, keep my heart awake !

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## THE JOY OF THE CROSS.

*Vol. 3, Cantique 97.*

LONG plung'd in sorrow, I resign  
My soul to that dear hand of thine,  
Without reserve or fear ;  
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes ;  
Or into smiles of glad surprise,  
Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy Love ;  
In earth beneath, or heav'n above,  
I have no other store ;

And though with fervent suit I pray,  
And importune thee night and day,  
I ask thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue the course  
Prescrib'd them by love's sweetest force ;  
And I, thy sov'reign Will,  
Without a wish t' escape my doom ;  
Though still a suff'rer from the womb,  
And doom'd to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,  
Sorrow attends me all my way,  
A never-failing friend ;  
And if my suff'rings may augment  
Thy praise, behold me well content—  
Let sorrow still attend !

It costs me no regret, that she,  
Who follow'd Christ, should follow me ;  
And though, where'er she goes,  
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,  
I love her, and extract a sweet  
From all my bitter woes.

Adieu ! ye vain delights of earth ;  
Inspid sports, and childish mirth,  
I taste no sweets in you ;  
Unknown delights are in the Cross,  
All joy beside, to me is dross ;  
And Jesus thought so too.

The Cross ! Oh ravishment and bliss—  
How grateful e'en its anguish is ;  
    Its bitterness, how sweet !  
There ev'ry sense, and all the mind,  
In all her faculties refin'd,  
    Tastes happiness complete.

Souls once enabl'd to disdain  
Base sublunary joys, maintain  
    Their dignity secure ;  
The fever of desire is pass'd,  
And Love has all its genuine taste,  
    Is delicate and pure.

Self-love, no grace in sorrow sees,  
Consults her own peculiar ease ;  
    'Tis all the bliss she knows :  
But nobler aims *true* Love employ ;  
In self-denial is her joy,  
    In suff'ring her repose.

Sorrow, and Love, go side by side ;  
Nor height, nor depth, can e'er divide  
    Their heav'n-appointed bands ;  
Those dear associates still are one,  
Nor, till the race of life is run,  
    Disjoin their wedded hands.

JESUS, avenger of our Fall,  
Thou faithful Lover, above all  
    The Cross has ever borne !

Oh! tell me,—Life is in thy voice—  
How much afflictions were thy choice,  
And sloth and ease thy scorn!

Thy choice, and mine, shall be the same;  
Inspirer of that holy flame,  
Which must forever blaze!  
To take the Cross, and follow Thee,  
Where love and duty lead, shall be  
My portion, and my praise.

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## JOY IN MARTYRDOM.

*Vol. 2, Cantique 110.*

SWEET tenants of this grove!  
Who sing, without design,  
A song of artless love,  
In unison with mine;  
These echoing shades return  
Full many a note of ours,  
That wise ones cannot learn,  
With all their boasted pow'rs.

Oh! Thou, whose sacred charms  
These hearts so seldom love,  
Although thy beauty warms,  
And blesses all above;  
How slow are human things,  
To choose their happiest lot!

All-glorious King of Kings,  
 Say, why we love thee not ?

This heart, that cannot rest,  
 Shall thine for ever prove ;  
 Though bleeding and distress'd,  
 Yet joyful in thy love :  
 'Tis happy, though it breaks  
 Beneath thy chast'ning hand ;  
 And speechless, yet it speaks  
 What thou canst understand.

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## SIMPLE TRUST.

*Vol. 3, Cantique 95.*

STILL, still, without ceasing,  
 I feel it increasing,  
 This fervor of holy desire ;  
 And often exclaim,  
 Let me die in the flame  
 Of a Love that can never expire !

Had I words to explain,  
 What *she* must sustain,  
 Who dies to the world and its ways ;  
 How joy and affright,  
 Distress and delight,  
 Alternately chequer her days ;

Thou, sweetly severe !  
 I would make thee appear,  
 In all thou art pleased to award,



Not more in the sweet,  
Than the bitter I meet,  
My tender and merciful Lord.

This Faith, in the dark  
Pursuing its mark,  
Through many sharp trials of Love ;  
Is the sorrowful waste,  
That is to be pass'd,  
In the way to the Canaan above.

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## THE NECESSITY OF SELF-ABASEMENT.

*Vol. 3, Cantique 92.*

SOURCE of Love, my brighter Sun,  
Thou alone my comfort art ;  
See my race is almost run ;  
Hast thou left this trembling heart ?

In my youth, thy charming eyes  
Drew me from the ways of men ;  
Then I drank unmingled joys ;  
Frown of thine, saw never *then*.

Spouse of Christ was then my name ;  
And, devoted all to thee,  
Strangely jealous I became,  
Jealous of this Self, in me.

Thee to love, and none beside,  
Was my darling, sole employ ;

While alternately I died,  
Now of grief, and now of joy.

Through the dark and silent night,  
On thy radiant smiles I dwelt ;  
And to see the dawning light,  
Was the keenest pain I felt.

Thou my gracious teacher wert :  
And thine eye, so close applied,  
While it watch'd thy pupil's heart,  
Seem'd to look at none beside.

Conscious of no evil drift,  
This, I cried, is Love indeed—  
'Tis the Giver, not the gift,  
Whence the joys I feel proceed.

But soon humbled, and laid low,  
Stript of all thou hadst conferr'd,  
Nothing left, but sin and woe,  
I perceiv'd how I had err'd.

Oh ! the vain conceit of man,  
Dreaming of a good his own,  
Arrogating all he can,  
Though the Lord is good alone !

He, the graces Thou hast wrought,  
Makes subservient to his pride ;  
Ignorant, that one such thought  
Passes all his sin beside.

Such his folly—prov'd, at last,  
By the loss of that repose  
Self-complacence cannot taste,  
Only Love divine bestows.

'Tis by this reproof severe,  
And by this reproof alone,  
His defects at last appear,  
Man is to himself made known.

Learn, all Earth ! that feeble man,  
Sprung from this terrestrial clod,  
Nothing is, and nothing can ;  
Life, and pow'r, are all in God.

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## LOVE INCREASED BY SUFFERING.

*Vol. 3, Cantique 98.*

"I love the Lord," is still the strain  
This heart delights to sing ;  
But I reply,—your thoughts are vain,  
Perhaps 'tis no such thing.

Before the pow'r of Love divine,  
Creation fades away ;  
Till only God is seen to shine  
In all that we survey.

In gulphs of awful night we find  
The God of our desires ;

'Tis there he stamps the yielding mind,  
And doubles all its fires.

Flames of encircling Love invest,  
And pierce it sweetly through ;  
'Tis fill'd with sacred joy, yet press'd  
With sacred sorrow too.

Ah Love ! my heart is in the right—  
Amidst a thousand woes,  
To thee, its ever new delight,  
And all its peace, it owes.

Fresh causes of distress occur,  
Where'er I look or move ;  
The comforts, I to all prefer,  
Are solitude and love.

Nor exile I, nor prison fear ;  
Love makes my courage great ;  
I find a Saviour ev'ry where,  
His grace, in ev'ry state.

Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,  
Exclude his quick'ning beams ;  
There I can sit, and sing, and weep,  
And dwell on heav'nly themes.

There, sorrow, for his sake, is found  
A joy beyond compare ;  
There, no presumptuous thoughts abound,  
No pride can enter there.

A Saviour doubles all my joys,  
And sweetens all my pains,  
His strength in my defence employs,  
Consoles me, and sustains.

I fear no ill, resent no wrong :  
Nor feel a passion move,  
When malice whets her sland'rous tongue ;  
Such patience is in Love.

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## SCENES FAVORABLE TO MEDITATION.

*Vol. 3, Cantique 83.*

WILDS horrid and dark with o'ershadowing trees,  
Rocks that ivy and briars infold,  
Scenes, nature with dread and astonishment sees,  
But I with a pleasure untold !

Though awfully silent, and shaggy and rude,  
I am charm'd with the peace ye afford,  
Your shades are a temple where none will intrude,  
The abode of my Lover and Lord.

I am sick of thy splendor, O ! fountain of day !  
And here I am hid from thy beams,  
Here safely contemplate a brighter display  
Of the noblest and holiest themes.

Ye forests that yield me my sweetest repose,  
Where stillness and solitude reign,

To you I securely and boldly disclose  
The dear anguish of which I complain.

Here sweetly forgetting, and wholly forgot  
By the world and its turbulent throng,  
The birds and the streams lend me many a note  
That aids meditation and song.

Here wand'ring in scenes that are sacred to night,  
Love wears me, and wastes me away,  
And often the sun has spent much of his light,  
Ere yet I perceive it is day.

While a mantle of darkness envelopes the sphere,  
My sorrows are safely rehears'd,  
To me the dark hours are all equally dear,  
And the last is as sweet as the first.

Here I and the beasts of the desert agree,  
Mankind are the wolves that I fear,  
They grudge me my natural right to be free,  
But nobody questions it here.

Though little is found in this dreary abode,  
That appetite wishes to find,  
My spirit is sooth'd by the presence of God,  
And appetite wholly resign'd.

Ye desolate scenes, to your solitude led,  
My life I in praises employ,  
And scarce know the source of the tears that I shed,  
Proceed they from sorrow or joy.

There is nothing I seem to have skill to discern,  
I feel out my way in the dark,  
Love reigns in my bosom, I constantly burn,  
Yet hardly distinguish the spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself to be dead,  
Such a riddle is not to be found,  
I am nourish'd without knowing how I am fed,  
I have nothing, and yet I abound.

Oh ! Love ! who in darkness art pleas'd to abide,  
Though dimly, yet surely I see,  
That these contrarieties only reside  
In the soul that is chosen of thee.

Ah ! send me not back to the race of mankind  
Perversely by folly beguil'd,  
For where in the crowds I have left, shall I find  
The spirit and heart of a child ?

Here let me, though fix'd in a desert, be free,  
A little one whom they despise,  
Though lost to the world, if in union with thee,  
Shall be holy, and happy, and wise.





# ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF THE FOREGOING PIECES.



## AN EPISTLE TO A PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

MADAM,

A Stranger's purpose in these lays  
Is to congratulate, and not to praise.  
To give the creature her Creator's due,  
Were sin in me, and an offence to you.  
From man to man, or e'en to woman paid,  
Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,  
A coin, by craft for folly's use design'd,  
Spurious, and only current with the blind.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the Land where sorrow is unknown ;  
No trav'ler ever reach'd that blest abode,  
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.  
The world may dance along the flow'ry plain,  
Cheer'd as they go, by many a sprightly strain,  
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,  
With unshod feet they yet securely tread,  
Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend,  
Bent upon pleasure, heedless of its end.

But he who knew what human hearts would prove,  
How slow to learn the dictates of his Love,  
That hard by nature, and of stubborn will,  
A life of ease would make them harder still,

In pity to the sinners, he design'd  
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,  
Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,  
And said—" go spend them in the vale of tears."  
Oh ! balmy gales of soul-reviving air,  
Oh ! salutary streams that murmur there,  
These flowing from the Fount of Grace above,  
Those breath'd from lips of everlasting Love,  
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,  
And sudden sorrow nips their springing joys,  
An envious world will interpose its frown  
To mar delights superior to its own,  
And many a pang, experienc'd still within,  
Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin.  
But ills of ev'ry shape, and ev'ry name  
Transform'd to blessings miss their cruel aim,  
And ev'ry moment's calm that soothes the breast,  
Is giv'n in earnest of Eternal Rest.

Ah ! be not sad, although thy lot be cast  
Far from the flock, and in a distant waste !  
No shepherd's tents within thy view appear,  
But the chief Shepherd is for ever near.  
Thy tender sorrows, and thy plaintive strain  
Flow in a foreign land but not in vain,  
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,  
And ev'ry drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—  
'Twas thus in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,  
And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

## FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT Virtue or what mental grace  
But men unqualified and base  
Will boast it their possession ?  
Profusion apes the noble part  
Of Liberality of heart,  
And dulness of discretion.

If ev'ry polish'd Gem we find  
Illuminating heart or mind,  
Provoke to Imitation ;  
No wonder Friendship does the same,  
That Jewel of the purest flame,  
Or rather Constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend  
The requisites that form a friend,  
A real and a sound one,  
Nor any fool he would deceive,  
But prove as ready to believe,  
And dream that he has found one.

Candid, and generous and just,  
Boys care but little whom they trust,  
An error soon corrected—  
For who but learns in riper years,  
That man when smoothest he appears  
Is most to be suspected ?

But here again a danger lies,  
Lest having misemploy'd our eyes,  
And taken trash for treasure,

We should unwarily conclude  
Friendship a false ideal Good,  
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare,  
Is yet no subject of despair ;  
Nor is it wise complaining,  
If either on forbidden ground,  
Or where it was not to be found,  
We sought without attaining.

No Friendship will abide the test  
That stands on sordid interest,  
Or mean self-love erected ;  
Nor such as may awhile subsist  
Between the Sot and Sensualist  
For vicious ends connected.

Who seeks a Friend, should come dispos'd  
T' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd  
The graces and the beauties  
That form the character he seeks,  
For 'tis an Union that bespeaks  
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,  
And equal truth on either side,  
And constantly supported ;  
'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse  
Another of sinister views,  
Our own as much distorted.

But will Sincerity suffice ?  
It is indeed above all price,  
And must be made the basis ;  
But ev'ry virtue of the soul  
Must constitute the charming whole,  
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide  
The closest knot that may be tied,  
By ceaseless, sharp corrosion ;  
A temper passionate and fierce  
May suddenly your joys disperse  
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite  
In hopes of permanent delight—  
The secret just committed,  
Forgetting its important weight,  
They drop through mere desire to prate,  
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,  
All thoughts of Friendship are but dreams,  
If envy chance to creep in ;  
An envious man, if you succeed,  
May prove a dang'rous Friend indeed,  
But not a Friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,  
So jealousy looks forth distress'd  
On good that seems approaching,

And if success his steps attend,  
Discerns a rival in a friend,  
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,  
Unless belied by common fame,  
Are sadly prone to quarrel,  
To deem the wit a friend displays  
A tax upon their own just praise,  
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee  
Will seldom scruple to make free  
With Friendship's finest feeling,  
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,  
And say he wounded you in jest,  
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear  
For tattlers, will be sure to hear  
The trumpet of contention ;  
Aspersions is the babbler's trade,  
To listen is to lend him aid,  
And rush into dissension.

A Friendship that in frequent fits  
Of controversial rage emits  
The sparks of disputation,  
Like hand in hand Insurance plates,  
Most unavoidably creates  
The thought of conflagration.



Some fickle creatures boast a soul  
True as the needle to the pole,  
    Their humor yet so various—  
They manifest their whole life through  
The needle's variation too,  
    Their Love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet  
On terms of amity complete,  
    Plebeians must surrender,  
And yield so much to noble folk,  
It is combining fire with smoke,  
    Obscurity with splendor.

Some are so placid and serene  
(As Irish bogs are always green)  
    They sleep secure from waking :  
And are indeed a bog that bears  
Your unparticipated cares  
    Unmov'd, and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix  
Their het'rogeneous politics,  
    Without an effervescence  
Like that of salts with lemon juice,  
Which does not yet like them produce  
    A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,  
And make a calm of human life ;  
    But friends that chance to differ  
On points which God has left at large,  
How fiercely will they meet and charge,  
    No combatants are stiffer !

To prove at last my main intent,  
Needs no expense of argument,  
No cutting and contriving—  
Seeking a real friend we seem  
T' adopt the Chemist's golden dream  
With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,  
Some blemish in due time made known  
By trespass or omission ;  
Sometimes occasion brings to light  
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,  
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man  
As circumspectly as you can,  
And having made election,  
Beware no negligence of yours,  
Such as a friend but ill endures,  
Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,  
That friends should be sincere and just,  
That constancy befits them,  
Are observations on the case  
That savor much of common place,  
And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,  
An architect requires alone  
To finish a fine building—  
The palace were but half complete,  
If he could possibly forget  
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you, Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumps upon your back,  
How he esteems your merit,  
Is such a friend, that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed  
To pardon, or to bear it.

As similarity of mind,  
Or something not to be defin'd,  
First fixes our attention ;  
So manners decent and polite,  
The same we practis'd at first sight  
Must save it from declension.

Some act upon the prudent plan,  
“ Say little, and hear all you can,”  
Safe policy, but hateful—  
So barren sands imbibe the show'r,  
But render neither fruit nor flow'r,  
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,  
Shall find me as reserv'd as he,  
No subterfuge or pleading  
Shall win my confidence again,  
I will by no means entertain  
A Spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas ! at last  
These are but samples, and a taste  
Of evils yet unmention'd—  
May prove the task a task indeed,  
In which 'tis much if we succeed  
However well intention'd.

Pursue the search, and you will find  
Good sense, and knowledge of mankind  
To be at least expedient,  
And after summing all the rest,  
Religion ruling in the breast  
A principal ingredient.

The noblest Friendship ever shown  
The Saviour's history makes known,  
Though some have turn'd, and turn'd it,  
And whether being craz'd or blind,  
Or seeking with a bias'd mind,  
Have not, it seems, discern'd it.

Oh, Friendship ! if my soul forego  
Thy dear delights while here below ;  
To mortify and grieve me,  
May I myself at last appear  
Unworthy, base, and insincere,  
Or may my friend deceive me !

STANZAS, SUBJOINED TO A BILL OF  
MORTALITY

FOR THE PARISH OF ALL SAINTS, IN THE TOWN OF NORTHAMPTON,

ANNO DOMINI 1787.

*Pallida Mors æquo pulsât pede pauperum tabernas,**Regumque turres.*

HORACE.

Pale Death, with equal foot, strikes wide the door  
Of royal halls, and hovels of the poor.

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run  
The Nen's barge-laden wave,  
All these, Life's rambling journey done,  
Have found their home, the Grave.

Was man (frail always,) made more frail  
Than in foregoing years ?  
Did famine or did plague prevail,  
That so much death appears ?

No. These were vig'rous as their sires,  
Nor plague nor famine came ;  
This annual tribute Death requires,  
And never waives his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,  
And some are mark'd to fall ;  
The axe will smite at God's command,  
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the Bay-tree, ever green  
    With its new foliage on,  
The gay, the thoughtless, I have seen,  
    I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run ! the solemn truth  
    With which I charge my page ;  
A worm is in the bud of youth,  
    And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure,  
    Forget an hour to come ;  
No med'cine though it often cure,  
    Can always baulk the tomb.

And oh ! that humble as my lot,  
    And scorn'd as is my strain,  
These truths, though known, too much forgot,  
    I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,  
    And ere he quits the pen,  
Begs *you* for once to take *his* part,  
    And answer all—AMEN.

1788.

*Quod adest, memento  
Componere æquus ; cætera fluminis  
Ritu feruntur.*

HORACE.

Improve the present hour, for all beside,  
Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.

COULD I, from Heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage,  
To whom the rising year shall prove his last ;  
As I can number in my punctual page,  
And item down the victims of the past ;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,  
On which the press might stamp him next to die ;  
And, reading here his sentence, how replete  
With anxious meaning, Heav'n-ward turn his eye !

Time, then, would seem more precious than the joys  
In which he sports away the treasure now ;  
And pray'r, more seasonable than the noise  
Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then, doubtless, many a trifier on the brink  
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,  
Forc'd to a pause, would feel it good to think,  
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah ! self-deceiv'd ! could I, prophetic, say,  
Who next is fated, and who next, to fall,

The rest, might then seem privileg'd to play ;  
But, naming NONE, the voice now speaks to ALL.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light  
They bound, and airy, o'er the sunny glade—  
One falls—the rest wide scatter'd with affright,  
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we often warn'd,  
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,  
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,  
Die self-accus'd of life all run to waste ?

Sad *waste* ! for which no after-thrift atones :  
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin.  
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,  
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living ! by the mouths be taught  
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,  
That, soon or late, Death also is *your* lot,  
And the next op'ning grave may yawn for *you*.

---

1789.

—*Placidaq ; ibi demum morte quievit.*

VIRG.

There, calm, at length, he breath'd his soul away.

“ OH ! most delightful hour by man  
“ Experienc'd here below,



" The hour that terminates his span,  
" His folly, and his woe !

" Worlds should not bribe me back to tread,  
" Again life's dreary waste,  
" To see again my day o'erspread  
" With all the gloomy past.

" My Home henceforth is in the skies,  
" Earth, Seas, and Sun, adieu !  
" All Heav'n unfolded to my eyes,  
" I have no sight for you."

So spake Aspasio, firm possess'd  
Of Faith's supporting rod,  
Then breath'd his soul into its rest,  
The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few,  
Sincere on Virtue's side ;  
And all his strength from Scripture drew,  
To hourly use apply'd.

That rule he priz'd, by what he fear'd,  
He hated, hop'd and lov'd ;  
Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,  
But when his heart had rov'd.

For he was frail as thou or I,  
And evil felt within ;  
But when he felt it, heav'd a sigh,  
And loath'd the thought of sin.

Such liv'd Aspasio ; and, at last,  
 Call'd up from Earth to Heav'n,  
 The gulph of Death triumphant pass'd,  
 By gales of blessing driv'n.

*His* joys be *mine*, each Reader cries,  
 When my last hour arrives !  
 They shall be yours, my verse replies,  
 Such *ONLY* be your lives.

---

1790.

*Ne commonentem recta sperne.*

BUCHANNAN.

Despise not my good counsel.

HE who sits from day to day,  
 Where the prison'd Lark is hung,  
 Heedless of his loudest lay,  
 Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman in his round  
 Nightly lifts his voice on high,  
 None, accusom'd to the sound,  
 Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your verse-man I, and clerk,  
 Yearly in my song proclaim  
 Death at hand—yourselves his mark—  
 And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,  
Publishing to all aloud—  
Soon the grave must be your home,  
And your only suit, a shroud.

But the monitory strain,  
Oft repeated in your ears,  
Seems to sound too much in vain,  
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confess'd,  
Of such magnitude and weight,  
Grow, by being oft compress'd,  
Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Pleasure's call attention wins,  
Hear it often as we may;  
New as ever seem our sins,  
Though committed ev'ry day.

Death and Judgment, Heav'n and Hell,  
These alone, so often heard,  
No more move us than the bell,  
When some stranger is interr'd.

Oh! then, ere the turf or tomb  
Cover us from ev'ry eye,  
Spirit of instruction, come,  
Make us learn that we must die!

1792.

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
 Quiq: metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
 Subjecit pedibus, strepitumq; Acherontis avari!*

Happy the mortal, who has trac'd effects  
 To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet  
 And Death, and roaring Hell's voracious fires

THANKLESS for favors from on high,  
 Man thinks he fades too soon;  
 Though 'tis his privilege to die  
 Would he improve the boon.

But he not wise enough to scan  
 His best concerns aright,  
 Would gladly stretch life's little span  
 To ages, if he might.

To *ages* in a world of pain—  
 To *ages* where he goes,  
 Gall'd by afflictions heavy chain,  
 And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,  
 Enamor'd of its harm!  
 Strange world, that costs it so much smart,  
 And still has pow'r to charm.

Whence has the world her magic pow'r?  
 Why deem we death a foe?

Recoil from weary life's best hour,  
And covet longer woe?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft  
Her tale of guilt renews ;  
Her voice is terrible, though soft,  
And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spar'd,  
Man mourns his fleeting breath ;  
All evils, then seem light, compar'd  
With the approach of death.

'Tis Judgment shakes him ; there's the fear  
That prompts the wish to stay ;  
He has incurr'd a long arrear,  
And must despair to pay.

*Pay !*—follow Christ, and all is paid ;  
His death your peace insures ;  
Think on the grave, where *he* was laid,  
And calm descend to *yours*.

1793.

*De sacris autem hæc sit una sententia, ut conserventur.*

CICERO DE LEGIBUS.

But let us all concur in this sentiment, that things *sacred* be  
*inviolable.*

HE lives who lives to God, alone ;  
 And all are dead beside ;  
 For other source than God, is none  
 Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God, is to requite  
 His love as best we may ;  
 To make his precepts our delight,  
 His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring  
 Of giddy joys compris'd,  
 Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,  
 But rather death disguis'd.

Can life in *them* deserve the name,  
 Who only live, to prove  
 For what poor toys, they can disclaim  
 An endless life above ?

Who, much diseas'd, yet nothing feel ;  
 Much menac'd, nothing dread ;  
 Have wounds, which only God can heal,  
 Yet never ask his aid !

Who deem his house an useless place ;  
Faith, want of common sense ;  
And ardor in the christian race,  
A hypocrite's pretence !

Who trample order ; and the day  
Which God asserts his own,  
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,  
And worship *chance* alone !

If scorn of God's commands, impress'd  
On word and deed, imply  
The better part of man, unblest'd  
With life that cannot die ;

Such want it ;—and that want, uncur'd  
Till man resign his breath,  
Speaks him a *criminal*, assur'd  
Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course !  
Yet so will God repay  
*Sabbaths* profan'd without remorse,  
And *Mercy* cast away.

## AN EPITAPH ON MR. T. A. HAMILTON,

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF NEWPORT-PAGNÉL.

PAUSE here, and think. A monitory rhyme  
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.

Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein ;  
Seems it to say—" Health, here, has long to reign ?"  
Hast thou the vigor of thy youth ?—an eye  
That beams delight ?—a heart untaught to sigh ?  
Yet fear. Youth, oft times healthful and at ease,  
Anticipates a day it never sees ;  
And many a tomb, like HAMILTON's, aloud  
Exclaims, " Prepare thee for an early shroud."



A  
WREATH OF FORGET-ME-NOT:

PRESENTED  
TO THOSE WHO LOVE TO REFLECT  
ON  
HEAVENLY THINGS.

In every state, in every part,  
To God, thy great Redeemer, raise thy heart.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN,

BY  
M. YEARDLY.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE piety and simplicity evinced in this little selection from a religious German poet, have induced me to attempt to render his thoughts into English.

It has been necessary, in some instances, to alter the titles, and lengthen the verses, in order to make them explicit in our language.

M. Y.

## A WREATH OF FORGET-ME-NOT.

---

### THE SPRING.

OH that my spirit might, through grace,  
Become so still and clean—  
Clear as a spring on whose fair face  
The light of heaven is seen.

How beauteous then, within my breast,  
The light of God would shine ;  
How would His image be imprest,  
And prove the work divine !

---

### BLOSSOM AND FRUIT.

LIKE the blossom, thy intentions,  
Too quickly form'd to stay,  
Spread through the mind in wide dimensions,  
Yet soon they fade away.

What fruit will then retain its station,  
When cold and storm draw near ;  
When winter shakes the whole creation,  
How then wilt thou appear ?

## THE LAMB.

AH ! were I like the gentle lamb,  
Never straying from its dam ;  
Patient, innocent, and pure,  
Ever willing to endure ;  
Meek as Him who led the way,  
To the realms of endless day ;—  
That all might read my blessed Saviour  
In my conduct and behaviour.

---

## SPIRITUAL FOOD.

SELF-DENIAL is the meat,  
Prayer is the daily bread :—  
When from either we retreat,  
How shall our souls be fed ?

---

## THE FLOWERS.

SEE, the flowers meekly bending  
At the breath of blooming May,  
See, the sun, in power ascending,  
Unfold their beauties to the day !

So would thy God, thy heart unfolding  
Cause his life and light to shine ;  
Nothing from thy prayer withholding,  
Fill thy soul with love divine.

## DIVINE LOVE.

HE who dwells in heav'nly love,  
Who draws his strength from God above,  
Will nobly act his part through time ;  
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest,  
With love and gratitude impress'd,  
And sees through faith, a happier clime.

---

## THE SHEPHERD.

I AM the shepherd of a fold ;  
My sheep are wand'ring thoughts and cares,—  
These I must seek in pens to hold,  
When for its God my heart prepares.

Then must I strive to shut them fast  
Within the fold of heavenly love,  
Lest they should wander, and at last  
Feed far away, and love to rove.

---

## WHY SO PROUD?

NOTHING is thine !—How soon will be ended,  
Poor helpless mortal, thy perishing term !  
A thread of mere grace for thy aid is extended,  
And only exalts thee above the poor worm.

## THE HIDDEN LIFE.

How blessed is that simple heart,  
Which lives to God alone !  
His mercy sees in every part,  
And dwells before his throne ;  
Alike in joys, alike in pains,  
It stands secure and still,  
While faith through every change sustains  
To do the Master's will.  
Thus may it pass through want and strife,  
And rise, through death, to peace and life.

---

## THE SUNBEAM.

God is the sun, and what am I ?  
A little gleam of light,  
Lost in his vast infinity,  
Yet open to his sight.

When I wander from His care,  
The gleam of light soon fades ;  
I feel as dust—and deep despair  
My darken'd soul pervades.

---

## THE HERMIT.

WHILE the whole world, in vanity and pleasure,  
Still rove unthinking of the future day,

Seeking in present joy a fleeting treasure,  
My spirit in a desert pines away.

In my own heart must I my treasure find,  
My cot, my home, the solace of my breast,  
My wishes and my cares to this confin'd,  
Shall centre in my God, and be at rest.

---

### A PILGRIM'S THOUGHT.

THE world itself, and even thou—  
Thy tenement of clay—  
Is but a house of short abode,  
Which hourly falls away.

Think, when oppress'd with grief and cares,  
The time will soon draw nigh,  
When thou shalt have a lasting house,  
A mansion in the sky !

---

### THE CELL.

My heart's deep centre is the cell,  
Wherein I live with God alone ;  
There springs for me that living well,  
Which flows from his eternal throne.

May I for ever there abide,  
Enclosed in faith and love divine ;  
To Him my cares, my hopes confide,  
To him my erring heart resign.

## GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

MINE enemy is oft my friend,  
Though wrathful and severe ;  
He helps to perfect that great end  
For which I linger here.

Against that selfish will he strives,  
Which gives me constant pain ;  
And to that heavenly Fountain drives,  
Which never flows in vain.

---

## THE SERPENT.

SIN is a smiling wily thing,  
And like the serpent hides its sting  
In folds of varied hue ;—  
In trifles makes its first essay,  
Then spreads its colors to the day,  
Its victim to subdue.

Ah then how frightful it appears,  
How often bathed in rueful tears ;  
Let heedless youth beware !  
Approach not near,—its baneful breath  
Is poison, and its bite is death ;  
O shun the serpent's snare !



## SELF-WILL.

WILT thou take the counsel flowing,  
Which, from long experience growing,  
    Would thy peace insure?—  
Not doing what thou deem'st befitting,  
And what thou would'st do, that omitting,  
    Will happiness secure.  
For, learn! whatever be thy station,  
The Cross alone is thy salvation!

---

## MOTHER AND CHILD.

WHEN with thy God thou dost not dwell,  
Ask not why thou wanders wide;—  
Ask not why the infant fell,  
    Who dwelt not by its mother's side.

---

## SUBMISSION.

RECEIVE what comes, whate'er it be,  
Submissive to that high decree,  
    Which wills eternal good;  
Though rough the shell by nature given,  
The kernel is the will of heaven,  
    The most substantial food.

## THE REFUGE.

ART thou oppressed or revil'd ?  
Then act but like a simple child,  
Who does not dare the point contest,  
But hastens to its mother's breast ;  
Bows in submission to her laws,  
And leaves her to support its cause.  
Thus to thy blessed Saviour flee ;  
Stand still !—thy God shall fight for thee.

---

## THE GOSPEL.

By Christ is God to thee made dear,—  
E'en as a friend is ever near  
To hear thy cry, to sooth thy pain ;  
Through Him who died and rose again,  
He calls for thy devoted heart,  
And would his choicest gifts impart,—  
Would sanctify this house of prayer,  
Then deign to make his dwelling there.

---

## ALWAYS PREPARING.

AH wherefore, vain mortal, for ever preparing  
Materials thy building to raise,  
When for its commencement so little thou'rt caring,  
Impeded by useless delays ?

To the work ! to the work ! lest time should be ending,  
And thou should'st behold it amazed ;  
Lest quickly thy frame to the grave be descending,  
And thy temple should never be raised.

---

## RICH AND POOR.

HE who *believes*, is rich and great,  
Has promise of that blest estate,  
Where dwells the Eternal Word ;—  
He who *believes*, is little, poor ;  
A humble suppliant at the door,  
He cries, " Have mercy, Lord !"

---

## EVER AT HOME.

MY Saviour is still ever near ;  
He speaks to me both soft and clear,  
His providence surrounds,  
His tender love abounds,  
No eye can him elude,  
No place can him exclude ;  
To whatsoever part we roam,  
Who dwells with Him is still at home.

---

## TEARS OF JOY AND SORROW.

IF over thy unnumber'd errors  
The tears of penitence should flow,

Soon shall thy mind, disarm'd of terrors,  
Feel the bright spark of mercy glow.

Soon shall thy joyful tears bedew  
That saving grace by Him reveal'd,  
Who comes our spirits to renew,  
And grant to prayer a pardon seal'd.

---

### DAILY BREAD.

ANTICIPATE not future cares,  
Since God for his own work prepares ;  
In his own time gives light and power,  
As warms the sun the opening flower ;  
Thou canst have nothing in advance,  
Yet nothing is the sport of chance ;  
Thou must by faith, not sight, be led,—  
What would'st thou more than daily bread ?

---

### THE HIDDEN SPARK.

ART thou awaken'd ?—art thou moved,  
To see how God the world has lov'd ?  
O keep this little spark divine !  
Conceal'd within that sacred shrine,  
An humble heart, an open fire  
Exposed to air will soon expire ;  
A mind which knows not to withhold,  
Exhausted soon, will soon grow cold.

## THE BLESSED CROSS.

WHEN under the cross thou'rt ready to sink,  
Oppress'd by anxieties, wearied in mind,  
O ! think on thy Saviour who stood on the brink,  
Who pass'd the dread deep for the sins of mankind.

Remember, the Cross is the means now afforded  
To brighten the metal which rust has impair'd,  
That thou may'st in the Book of the Lamb be recorded,  
And inherit the mansion which He has prepared.

---

## SINCERITY.

PERFORM thy part with cheerful mind ;  
Do thy best with heart resign'd ;  
Keep faithfully thy heavenly call,  
Whatsoever may befall ;  
Do all as to thy God alone,  
Who sees thee from his sacred throne ;—  
Then, whether thou succeed or fail,  
Distressing fears shall not prevail ;  
When God is pleas'd, shall *man* despise  
The humble, heartfelt, sacrifice ?

---

## RESIGNATION.

NOTHING choosing, or resisting ;  
Doing all things, God assisting ;

To His will thine own resigning ;  
 In His path thy steps confining ;  
 At His call submissive yielding ;  
 Where He spreads thy table, feeding ;  
 Poor pilgrim, *these* will give thee rest,  
 Though anxious, wearied, and distressed.

---

## TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.

THE present time is only thine ;  
 Think not upon the morrow ;  
 Obscure as silver in the mine,  
 It may bring joy or sorrow.

Do well to-day, and meekly trust ;  
 God will be ever true—  
 Will still be kind, will still be just,  
 And care for thee anew.

---

## CONSTANT PRAYER.

THERE was a period when I chose  
 A time and place for prayer ;  
 At morning dawn or evening close,  
 My feet would wander there :—

But now I seek that constant prayer,  
 In inward stillness known,  
 And thus my spirit every where  
 Can dwell with God alone.

## THE INNER TEMPLE.

WITHIN the temple of thy heart,  
 Offer the incense faith inspires ;  
 Perform through grace, that sacred part  
 Which thy gracious Lord requires.

In stillness, meekness, at his feet  
 In deep humility appear ;  
 Seek only what he sees is meet,  
 Then wilt thou feel his presence near.

---

## GOLGOTHA.

BE not discouraged, child of tears,  
 When hard and rough thy path appears ;  
 The tender child, though highly prized,  
 By its fond parent is chastised.

When gold is in the furnace tried,  
 The Great Refiner stands beside ;  
 Who has not learnt this lesson given,—  
 “Golgotha is the way to Heav’n?”

---

## RUN AND BE NOT WEARY.

How sweet is the pilgrim’s retreat,  
 When wearied with travel and care ;  
 How grateful to hunger is meat,  
 How consoling a friend in despair.

O be not distress'd or dismay'd,  
Though thorns in thy path should arise ;  
If in faith and in patience array'd,  
Thou wilt surely inherit the prize.

---

### THE BROKEN WILL.

WORKING wonders,—revelation,—  
All the blessings of creation ;  
To cling to wealth and fame no more,  
And give in alms our earthly store ;  
To fast, to pray, be dead to sense,  
To speak with angel-eloquence,—  
These outward works can never give  
That life which makes the christian live,  
Nor can his soul with consolation fill,  
Like a devoted heart and broken will.

---

### INGRATITUDE.

THINK what thy God for thee has given,  
Even his best belov'd,  
That thou might be an heir of Heaven,  
Spotless and unprov'd.

If thou wilt not for Him resign  
Thy *all*,—by *love* subdued,—  
Ah think, what in His sight divine,  
Is thine *ingratitude* !



## TRUST AND FOLLOW.

UPON thy God must thou rely,  
In blindness venture all ;  
Nor dare complain, nor question why ;  
In faith obey his call.  
And thy whole being with Him leave,  
In singleness of heart ;  
By losing *self*, from Him receive  
A brighter, better part,  
Thus bow beneath His holy hand,  
Who gives whate'er thou needs ;  
Hear and obey his blest command,  
And ask not where it leads.

---

## NATURE AND GRACE.

NATURE seeks the power to reign,  
Grace for strength to suffer pain ;  
By time and trial rendered wise,  
We see the source from whence they rise :  
The first is bread without its leaven,  
The last that food which comes from Heaven.

---

## THE VALUE OF TIME.

A MOMENT of the accepted time of grace,  
Is far more precious than all earthly gain ;  
O lose it not ! but run thy heavenly race  
In faith, in hope—thou shalt not run in vain.

Behold, time flies,—eternity is near !

Here must that pure immortal seed be sown,  
Here upon earth that blessed fruit appear,  
Which will be reap'd before th' Eternal Throne.

---

### COME AS THOU ART.

WHY wilt thou for ever thyself be observing,  
And mourning the wounds so evident there ;  
From the bless'd Physician in diffidence swerving,  
And leaving thy heart to the pangs of despair ?

O come as thou art, and partake of that healing,  
Still freely dispensed for the cure of disease ;  
Which while to repentance its solace revealing,  
Assures that Grace only can lead us to peace.

---

### SIMPLICITY.

REASON, however bright and clear,  
Is like the moon in borrow'd light,  
Which shines not when the sun is near,  
And often veils her face by night.

Still let her reign o'er earthly things,  
But be not by her snares beguil'd ;  
If thou would'st drink at heav'nly springs,  
Thou must become a simple child.

## DUTY OF THE DAY.

EVER to confess thy Saviour  
In thy conduct and behavior ;  
To be contented with thy state,  
And humbly at his footstool wait ;  
To love Him steadfastly through all,  
Be ever ready at his call ;  
Whate'er He gives with meekness take,  
And pardon others for His sake ;  
Still for increasing faith to pray,  
Through the toils of every day.

---

## VICISSITUDE.

SUNSHINE follows after rain,  
After storm the summer's day ;  
Ease and comfort follow pain,  
And faith and hope succeed dismay.  
Soon comes the day, soon comes the night,  
Ere the heavenly race be won,  
And soon the pilgrim, rob'd in light,  
Shall sing with joy, " My work is done."

---

## THE ABYSS.

DWELL not upon thy varied woes,  
But take the cup that still o'erflows  
With grace and heavenly love.

Thy Saviour still will hear thy prayer,  
E'en from the abyss of deep despair,  
And raise thy thoughts above.  
Array'd in light he comes to save,  
To sanctify the life He gave,  
And blessed hopes inspire ;  
He comes,—the rays of mercy beam ;  
He comes, the sinner to redeem,—  
A brand pluck'd from the fire.

---

### THE SENSES.

THE eyes, the ears, the tongue, the mein,  
As we pass each varied scene,  
Are the doors through which we stray  
From "the strait and narrow way."  
Dost thou wander far and wide,  
Follow fashion's flowing tide ?—  
So wilt thou bring, where'er thou roam,  
Pain, disgust, and sorrow home.

---

### SELF-ACTIVITY.

SEEKING every varied change,  
Ever passing through the range  
Of place, of state, of exercise,—  
Hoping to obtain the prize ;  
Vain mortal, this is not the way  
To the realms of endless day ;

Let grace subdue thy active will,  
Then wilt thou be *resign'd* and *still*.

---

### THE SINNER.

ART thou discouraged at thy state  
Of weakness, sin, and shame ;  
Retire, and seek on him to wait,  
Whose mighty power o'ercame.

Forget thyself, and ask his grace,  
So shalt thou find him near,  
To arm thee for the heavenly race,  
And overcome thy fear.

If constant by thy Captain's side,  
And faithful in the fight,  
Thou shalt become, however tried,  
A child of heavenly light.

---

### GOOD COUNSEL.

WHEN thou good actions wouldst fulfil,  
And no man will receive them,  
Do what appears yet better still,  
In resignation leave them !

## LETTER AND SPIRIT.

O WANDER not still round the mountain,  
Whose earth the sacred spring conceals,  
But venture in, and taste the fountain  
Which eternal life reveals.  
So shalt thou purest bliss inherit,  
If humble, faithful, and resign'd ;  
But if the letter kill, the spirit  
Thou wilt seek in vain to find.  
Who wanders thus, is restless and opprest,—  
Who finds his God, is thankful and at rest.

---

## EVER PURSUING.

STRIVE yet more holy to become,  
Seeking daily help from heaven,  
Ere be spent the little sum  
Of health and strength in mercy given.  
O think. " To-day I'll strive anew  
In faith my heavenly race to run,  
The path of duty to pursue,—  
As yet there is but little done."

---

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

SELF-DENIAL, living faith,  
Warfare, suffering, and death,  
Are the pilgrim's work through time ;  
Enjoyment, rest, and holy praise,

The song of gratitude to raise,  
Will follow in a happier clime.

---

### THE WARFARE.

To feel the tempter's power, and not to yield,  
Is the result of God's preserving grace ;  
To suffer wrong, and yet no weapon wield,  
Is, in degree, the Saviour's steps to trace.

---

### EVENTIDE.

LOVELY evening, soft and still,  
Beaming o'er yon glowing hill ;  
How I love thy power to feel  
Gently o'er my passions steal,  
Soothing all by sacred thought,  
Till, into pure obedience wrought,  
My spirit seeks its God alone,  
An humble suppliant at his throne.

---

### SELF-LOVE.

To whom does thy self-love give pain or distress ?  
Think ! let it sink deep in thy heart !  
Thy faults will not *others* be call'd to confess,  
Thou only wilt suffer the smart.  
O then let thy anger fall on thy own mind,  
And endure the result of thy wrong ;

Thine enemy there has this evil design'd,  
And he is both subtile and strong.

---

## GOSPEL LIGHT.

CHILD of mercy, mayst thou never  
Forget what God has done for thee,—  
From vanity and vice to sever,  
To break thy bonds, and set thee free.  
Think, how many in creation  
Yet dwell beneath the shades of night,  
Whilst, through the power of Revelation,  
Thou art brought to life and light.

---

## THE CROSS.

AN wherefore thus fly from the cross  
Which thy Saviour has borne for thy sake?  
It will lead thee to pain and remorse,  
With anguish thy steps to retake.  
Behold thy Redeemer, and weep,  
That his power thou should'st dare to deny;  
Let thy sorrow, like Peter's, be deep,  
Reproved by the glance of his eye.  
No longer the warfare withstand,  
But bravely go forth in his might;  
When resign'd to the word of command,  
Thou wilt find that his burden is light.



## JOY AND SORROW.

**TAKE** not thy flight when joy surrounds,  
For that will quickly pass away ;  
Sink not too deep when sorrow wounds,  
But hope to see a brighter day.  
Flee to thy Saviour ; yield the rein  
Into His all-directing hand ;  
Let Him impel, let Him restrain,  
And follow his divine command :  
So shalt thou live, unmov'd by earthly things,  
A peaceful subject of the King of Kings.

---

## THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP.

**WHEN**, through unwatchfulness, my mind  
Is tempted far to roam,  
A gentle, peaceful crook, inclined,  
Invites the wanderer home :  
So cares my Shepherd for his sheep,  
And shelters from the foe,  
O that I could but centre deep,  
To feel his mercy glow.

---

## THE OPPRESSED.

**HOWE'ER** afflicted, cast thy care  
On him who hears the secret prayer ;  
Thy helper is not far removed,  
But comes to aid his child beloved.

Resign to him thy heart and will,  
Soon shalt thou feel consoled and still ;  
His holy word thy strength shall be,  
Shall burst thy bonds, and set thee free.

---

## THE SCHOOL.

THE cross has ever been the school  
To make the christian wise,  
Yet leads him to appear a fool  
In worldly-blinded eyes ;  
If thou wilt learn the lesson given,  
Obedient to his word,  
Thou shalt become a child of heaven,  
Instructed by the Lord.

---

## LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

WITH compassion and with love,  
Behold thy neighbour in distress,—  
An equal child of God above,  
Though press'd with want and wretchedness.

The great Provider, by *thy* hand,  
These poor opprest from want would free ;  
Dare not his providence withstand,  
Lest he should cease to care for thee.

## THE SAVIOUR'S VOICE.

IF without our heavenly Guide  
We venture on life's flowing tide,  
What wonder if, by tempests tost,  
Our little shatter'd bark be lost !  
O let us, then, his aid entreat,—  
Humbly waiting at his feet,  
His ever-sacred voice to hear,  
Which speaks in accents soft and clear,  
“ Who follows Me through cross and strife,  
Shall surely have the *Light of Life*.”

---

## THE WAY TO CONQUER.

FAITHFUL on the watch to stand,  
Waiting for the Chief's command,  
Wherever thou canst safely see  
The motions of the enemy ;  
When he comes on with fearful stride,  
Keeping to thy Captain's side,  
Not daring to unsheath the sword  
Till he shall give th' important word ;  
His word shall make the foe retreat,  
Or crush his power beneath thy feet.

---

## THE FAREWELL.

THE Saviour's banner is unfurl'd  
For all who love his name ;

Wherever scatter'd through the world,

These still his power proclaim.

Let us listen to his call,

Let us follow Him *through all*.

Then, however far removed,

In Him we shall unite,—

Sing praises to our best beloved,

And meet in realms of light.















Highlands  
7/8/1913  
S. J.

